

• **SECRET HISTORY OF THE AUTHORITY:
HAWKSMOOR** •

ISSUE 5

MIKE COSTA

PAGE ONE

PANEL ONE

Jack, immobile and imprisoned in his chair. His face is his neutral expression – that being a scowl.

1 CAP: In the past three days I've been attacked by a giant robot. Twice. I've been caught in several explosions. I've had my powers taken away.

1 BOMBER (OFF PANEL): See, we sent her back to 1989. Even though that was just a few days ago for us, she's been here five years already, getting in good with the civil planning committee.

2 BOMBER (OFF PANEL): I know you smelled it Jack. That tickle up towards the bridge of your nose? That's the outer future.

PANEL TWO

Pull out a little. Now we also see the bomber, pacing and talking, giving his big villain's monologue.

3 CAP: I also met a girl. The first one in a long, long time.

4 BOMBER: See, the thing about Juliet is that she's really good at getting people to fall in love with her. I'm sure you know that, Jack.

PANEL THREE

Pulling out more, we see Juliet now, standing to the side, avoiding eye-contact with Jack. His stare burns a hole in her.

5 BOMBER: We originally planned to do this thing nonviolently, by influencing it from the inside. But that Ben, he isn't easily influenced.

6 CAP: I thought I could trust her. I DID trust her.

PANEL FOUR

Closer on the bomber now. Beneath the bandages is a smile you just can't trust.

7 BOMBER: But Juliet, she got cold feet. I think she even actually LIKED Ben. Just like I'm pretty sure he actually likes you too, Jack. Even though she lied to you.

8 CAP: But there's one lesson I learned a long time ago. That I never should have forgot.

PAGE TWO

PANEL ONE

The Bomber has wheeled around and slugged Juliet in the face. It's a serious punch – he splits her lip and knocks out a tooth. It's lights-out for Juliet. The girl goes down hard.

1 CAP: You can't trust anybody.

PANEL TWO

Juliet hits the ground, blood running from her nose and lip, totally unconscious.

PANEL THREE

The Bomber is cracking his knuckles, clearly satisfied with decking Juliet.

1 BOMBER: Okay then.

PAGE THREE

PANEL ONE

The bomber turns to Jack, speaking to him casually now.

1 BOMBER: So, look, Jack. We thought you were dead. We thought you died five years ago. And now that I have you here, I gotta ask you:

PANEL TWO

He leans down, right near Jack's face

2 BOMBER: What the hell are you doing alive?

PANEL THREE

Jack, silent, looking angry. A little less drool now. He's regained his focus

PANEL FOUR

The Bomber eases off Jack, out of his face. Turning away, he throws up his hands in mock defeat. He's really putting on a performance.

4 BOMBER: So that's how it's gonna be. Look, Jack, your tough. We know. You've been blown up, what, like nine times in the past few days, and look at you. You're fine.

5 BOMBER: But you should know.

PAGE FOURPANEL ONE

The Bomber turns back to Jack, his face suddenly dark.

1 BOMBER: We built you, Jack. And we know how to kill you.

2 BOMBER: Yes we do.

3 BOMBER: And we will.

PANEL TWO

He grins, suddenly magnanimous again. Ozzie, his grizzled partner, is still leaning against the wall, simmering with a quiet rage.

3 BOMBER: But first I'm gonna explain some things to you. Not, you understand, to illuminate anything.

4 BOMBER: But because finding out what's really going on is going to make this much, much worse for you.

PANEL THREE

The Bomber is continuing, about to launch into a protracted explanation, but Ozzie holds a hand up, halting him.

5 BOMBER: There's a reason why you-

6 OZZIE: Stop.

PANEL FOUR

Ozzie kneels in front of Jack, their faces just inches apart.

7 OZZIE: I'm going to show him.

PANEL FIVE

The filaments in Ozzie's face suddenly lung forward from his skin, elongating and anchoring themselves around Jack's eyes and into his forehead. Ozzie's eyes glow purple.

PAGE FIVEPANEL ONE

This is a panorama of a vast hellscape. It's Earth in the 70th century, and it's one vast city. Horrible structures of steel rise unevenly from the earth like mineral deposits. There are more lights burning in it than there are stars in the grey, rarefied atmosphere. Think of it like a less-orange version of the opening shot of "Bladerunner" Floating in the sky, we can see Ozzie's two huge eyes burning purple, but we see them hazily, as if through the translucent backdrop of a stage-show. This is an image being downloaded into Jack's brain.

1 CAP: We come from a time where cities cover the earth. Even the floors of the ocean. Where the word “urban” doesn’t even exist. It is unnecessary. There is not one inch of the earth unconquered by man.

2 CAP: I know it’s hard to understand. To you, the global city must seem as implacable and uncanny as the mountains of the moon.

PANEL TWO

A streetview, somewhere in the unending city. Looking up at the endless towers, rambling to the stars. There is not enough steel on earth to create such structures. There are buildings the size of mountains.

3 CAP: There are no borders, just a great complex intelligence. Everything is connected in the vast nexus of The City. Information is stored everywhere and nowhere. Society is perfectly modular. It’s humanity’s self-aware hologram. Each piece contains the whole.

PANEL THREE

Here is a shot of five figures, much like a police line-up. They stand against the dark background of the night sky. They are humanoid but not human. What these people basically are are living avatars of the city. For design, I’m thinking maybe something like the current [Starman](#) in JSA (or [Eternity](#), the cosmic entity from Marvel comics) who just looks like an outline of a person with the universe inside him. I’m betting Koi can probably come up with something more interesting than this idea, but it’s the closest I can come to describing just how bottomless and eternal I want these things to look – not like superbeings, but elemental forces of nature (or, in this case, forces of urbanity.)

4 CAP: There are five such pieces. Embodiments of our world, each serving as a modular nerve-center. Just as you do here, Jack, but on an infinitely vaster scale.

5 CAP: They are the Gods of Cities.

PANEL ONE

Closer on one of them. For sake of argument, let’s just say it’s the scariest one. I seriously want these things to convey a Lovecraftian-level of dread in their distant, implacable alien-ness (but without all the tentacles and vaginal-like designs)

6 CAP: We serve Plo’Raach, of the Indian sub-continent. “He-Who-Has-No-Horizon”

PAGE SIX

PANEL ONE

A shot of the Earth from space. We can see grey stains on it, expanding to meet each other, like mold-spots on a fruit.

1 CAP: Cities aren't just gatherings of humanity, Jack. They exist as a form of communication as well. A living record of man's history, and destiny. It's a vast, abstract language. The strange interference you've been experiencing? The dizzy spells? That's not just us.

2 CAP: That's your perceptions expanding. That's you learning to understand it.

PANEL TWO

A shot that takes place across the millennia – one achievement blurring into the next as we move from right to left – a shot of the pyramids, which blurs into the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, gives way to the Forbidden City in Beijing and finally the skyline of NY – the Twin Towers prominently featured.

3 CAP: For millennia man has been writing his story in the only language big enough to record it.

PANEL THREE

Same deal as panel 2, but now scenes of massive destruction. The Colossus of Rhodes topples. Rome burns. Hiroshima is vaporized in atomic fire. The Twin Towers fall, smoking like candles.

4 CAP: What is history but creation and destruction?

PANEL FOUR

Now we see the tunnel explosion that wrecked the factory park back in issue 2 from a more distant angle. We see the massive property damage.

5 CAP: And by invading the past, and changing the plans of certain cities, we can alter the world just as sure as changing the paths of mighty rivers can, millennia later, re-shape the landscape.

6 CAP: We who can speak the language of human history can re-write tomorrow today.

PAGE SEVENPANEL ONE

We see inside Ben's house. This is the past. The bomber is talking to Ben, and Ben looks angry.

1 CAP: Ben could not be persuaded. Ben the civil engineer.

2 CAP: Ha. That's almost funny.

PANEL TWO

A Jack's eyes are wide, glassy and unseeing as he has the visions downloaded into his brain.

3 CAP: Ten years from now the factory park we bombed will be rebuilt as a public library, instead of the public school that had been proposed. That's only a tiny detail today.

4 CAP: But, you know how it is.

PANEL THREE

Behind him, on the wall, is a map of the world. We see now, on this map, there are seventeen cities marked off with tacks. They are: Tokyo, Washington DC, Mexico City, New York, Mumbai, Jakarta, Sao Paulo, Athens, Tehran, Shanghai, Manila, Hong Kong, Los Angeles, Kolkata, Moscow, Cairo and Buenos Aires.

5 CAP: We have people standing by in seventeen cities. In twenty-four hours, it's the dawn of a new age.

PANEL FOUR

Ozzie finally disengages himself from Jack, standing up as the wires retract from Jack's face. The bomber, leaning against the wall casually, smiles with tremendous self-satisfaction and says:

6 BOMBER: Tell him the best part.

7 JACK: guh

PANEL FIVE

Now it's Ozzie's turn to smile triumphantly.

7 OZZIE: Yes. The best part.

8 OZZIE: With your connection to the cities restored, you'll feel every bombing. Seventeen cities. They'll wail like a calf in a feeding trough being fattened for veal. And for the next twelve hours, we're going to sit here and watch you experience that.

9 OZZIE: And then we'll kill you.

PAGE EIGHT

PANEL ONE

Same as the last panel on the previous page, except Ozzie suddenly takes a chestful of buckshot from off panel, and is being blown backward

1 SFX: BOOM!

PANEL TWO

Sal is stranding in the doorway of the room, shotgun smoking, looking like a total (homeless) badass

2 SAL: This was just leaning against the wall in the hallway.

3 SAL: Amazing the things people throw away.

PANEL THREE

Jack turns to look, starting to come out of his stupor: Juliet, on the ground, is starting to come back around too. Sal has the shotgun trained on the Bomber. The Bomber is raising his hands.

3 SAL: You just keep your arms raised there, punk.

4 JACK: Sal?

SAL: Hiya Jack. Sorry it took me so long. Subway don't run through my stop no more.

PANEL FOUR

The Bomber, with his hands in the air, looks utterly baffled.

6 BOMBER: Who the hell are you? How did you find this place?

PAGE NINE

PANEL ONE

Sal's eyes narrow. His face goes dark with a deeply-held anger.

1 SAL: July twenty-seventh nineteen fifty nine through May fourth nineteen sixty one.

PANEL TWO

The Bombers eyes widen in recognition.

2 BOMBER: Oh my God. You!

PANEL THREE

Sal wracks his shotgun.

3 SAL: You boys aren't very good at cleaning up after yourselves. But don't let the beard fool you.

4 SFX: Clack-shack

5 SAL: I am.

6 JACK (OFF PANEL): No.

PANEL FOUR

Jack, rising out of his chair with only one hand still imprisoned in his manacle, the other free. He's still a little unsteady on his feet, but his anger is pushing him forward.

7 JACK: He's mine

PANEL FIVE

Jack seizes the Bomber, roughly. The Bomber looks panicked.

8 BOMBER: No! No don't!

PAGE TENPANEL ONE

Outside the Transamerica building, a bay window on the 48th (top) floor explodes outwards. Suspended in space is the falling body of the Bomber.

1 SFX: KRISSSSSH

PANEL TWO

A view straight down to the street, so we can see how high the bomber is, and what he's plunging towards. Pieces of glass glitter and spin around him like jewels in the air.

PANEL THREE

Close on the Bomber's face. The wind blows back his hair.

2 BOMBER: Oh crap.

PANEL FOUR

Street level. Let's not get too grisly here, but we want to show that he hits the ground, so I figure he should land on a car, destroying it to show the impact with a minimum of gore.

5 SFX: Cranch!

PANEL FIVE

Jack, looking grimly contented, stands looking at the street from the smashed window. The wind pulls at his jacket.

1 JACK: Bastard.

PAGE ELEVENPANEL ONE

Jack turns back inside, addressing Sal, who is looking after Juliet. Juliet's still on the floor, but she's coming around.

1 JACK: What the hell are you doing here Sal? How did you find me?

2 SAL: You should ask your girlfriend here.

3 JULIET: cough

PANEL TWO

Jack storms over, darkly, seizing Juliet roughly from the floor. She's finally jolted awake.

5 JACK: Yeah. She's next

6 JULIET: Aaaa!

PANEL THREE

Jack holds Juliet by the throat, dangling her out the window. She loses a shoe.

7 JACK: I should have known from the start. I can't believe I was that stupid.

8 JULIET: AAAa! No! Jack, no!

PANEL FOUR

Juliet, one hand desperately gripping Jack's forearm for leverage, the other clawing at his hand on her throat. She's choking.

9 JULIET (WEAK): No, Jack. Listen. Please. Listen.

PANEL FIVE

Looking down Jack's arm to his face, twisted in rage. Next to him, he's approached from the side by Sal.

10 SAL: Jack.

PAGE TWELVE

PANEL ONE

Sal is just inches away from Jack's ear. He speaks very gently to his friend.

1 SAL: Just once. Listen.

PANEL TWO

Juliet is dropped on the floor. One hand goes instinctively to her throat, the other balances her.

2 JULIET (WEAK): koff koff. Thanks.

3 Jack. I'm sorry I lied. I AM from the future. But I don't work for them. I was a mole.

4 JULIET: These people. They're insane. We know what they're doing, and we're going to stop them.

PANEL THREE

Juliet has regained almost all of her composure. She's actually tucking a stray hair behind her ear, in a gesture that's at once both fastidious and sexy.

5 JULIET: These guys have only been here for about a month. I was sent back five years before them. I was to steer city planning from the inside.

6 JULIET : Of course, my counter-mission was actually to sabotage them. And that all changed when we saw you were still alive.

PANEL FOUR

It's a scene right out of Hawksmoor's issue of the "Jenny Sparks" mini – the massive, Star-Destroyer-looking 70th Century Kansas City off in the distance engaging with a squadron of harrier jets. In the foreground, a young Jack watches, windswept and mythic.

8 JULIET (CAP): See, Jack, you're the fly in the ointment. You were just built to stop Kansas City back in the 70s. I don't know why they thought you were dead, but obviously it would be a lot better for them if you were.

9 JULET (CAP): You're the one person that can stop them.

PANEL FIVE

A scene from the Golden Gate Bridge back in issue 1. We see Juliet, looking up through her windshield with an awed expression on her face. In the reflection on the glass, we see Jack leaping to action. Obviously, this is the moment she realized he was alive.

10 JULIET (CAP): I'm sorry I had to lie to you, but after I saw you alive I had to think fast. I figured, worst-case scenario, if you got captured Sal would be my insurance policy.

11 JACK (CAP): How the hell do you know Sal?

PAGE THIRTEEN

PANEL ONE

Back in the office tower, Sal is staring quizzically at the shotgun's firing mechanism. He just looks like any other crazy bum again.

1 JULIET: You've known him, what, ten years now? He's the closest thing you have to a friend. That's not a co-incidence.

2 JULIET: Sal is the first person they ever tried to reconstruct, Jack. He's the Jack Hawksmoor prototype. You're drawn to him exactly like you were drawn to me.

PANEL TWO

Juliet gives a sexy, knowing smile.

3 JULIET: Well...not *exactly*.

4 JULIET: But they hadn't quite perfected the process yet. Few too many crossed wires. No offense, Sal.

PANEL THREE

Jack looks at Sal, flabbergasted. Sal reacts nonchalantly. Most all of this is over his head.

5 SAL: Don't look at me, pal. She shows up last night, gives me fifty bucks and tells me to be here tonight. I haven't understood one damn word she's said since.

6 SAL: Is there anything to eat up here?

PANEL FOUR

Juliet takes Jack by the shoulders, pulling his attention back to her. This is important.

7 JULIET: Jack, you have to listen. The bleed is disrupted by time-travel. That war-suit from another universe is an artifact of that. But the Bleed will clot.

PANEL FIVE

Juliet's face, intent.

8 JULIET: Paths close themselves up after travel, so they won't be able to come back here again. We have a chance to stop this. But only one chance.

PAGE FOURTEEN

PANEL ONE

Juliet gestures to the map, the seventeen cities earmarked. Each of the little notes attached to the cities have time-code on them

1 JULIET: Look, Jack, we don't have any more time. You see this? The first bombs are set to go off in Manila in two hours. Now that Harry and Ozzie are dead, you're back to full power.

2 JULIET: You're the only one who can get there and find these people in cities of this size. Seventeen cities in twelve hours. They're set to go off in a staggered procession, so you can get to them all if you're fast.

PANEL TWO

Jack is seriously studying the map, thinking strategically.

3 JACK: No. Can't be done. I'm not that fast. It takes me almost six hours to get from coast to coast, much less around the world.

PANEL THREE

Juliet steps towards him, pulling off her ring.

4 JULIET: Take this. On me, it changes me from a normal girl to a superhuman in your range. On you... you should be able to make those jumps in 15 minutes.

5 JULIET: It'll also amplify your prescience. Reach out. Listen. You'll know where to go.

PANEL FOUR

Jack dashes to the window. Juliet turns, breathless, watches him go.

6 JULIET: Go. Now. Save us, Jack.

PANEL FIVE

Jack leaps out the window. Juliet and Sal watch him fall from the edge of the jagged, shattered glass.

7 SAL: That was brave of you lady, at the window.

8 JULIET: Oh it's fine. I would have survived the fall anyway.

PAGE FIFTEENPANEL ONE

Jack, in free-fall, his face set and determined. It almost looks like he's flying.

1 CAP: No time to think about what I've just been told. Have to figure it all out on the way.

2 CAP: Just before I hit, it occurs to me that this could all be another trap. That everything I knew about this woman is a lie.

PANEL TWO

Jack plunges through the concrete sidewalk of San Francisco like an undisturbed pool – the top half of his body has already disappeared beneath the street. Maybe there's a small ripple in the asphalt spreading out from where he's hitting. Pedestrians looks appropriately shocked.

3 CAP: And then San Francisco catches me.

PANEL THREE

Just a black panel.

4 CAP: I can't tell you where I go next. I never can. I think the front part of my brain shuts down as I pass through. And I touch something bigger than any city. I pass through the place that's All cities. The place I go when I dream.

5 CAP: And I smell her perfume all the way down.

PANEL FOUR

Big panel. Here we are in Manila. It's morning. In the foreground Jack is emerging from the sheet concrete wall of a building, not unlike a birth. But instead of dripping with gross, viscous fluids, just and pebbles dribble off of him.

Spread out below us is one of the major landmarks of the city, the [National Museum of Manila](#) (note – I will be including references of major landmarks in most of the following cities. Many of these will be

kind of obvious. That's largely because I've never been to most of these places. If Fiona or anyone has a more nuanced, worldly way of establishing any given city than what I've suggested, I bow to your sure-to-be more interesting idea.) Tourists in garish, horrible clothing snap pictures of it. Natives, in more subdued khakis, or clothes that are worn and soiled and of no particular color anymore, mill about in the tropical heat.

TITLE: MANILA - 01:37 GMT

5 CAP: Twelve minutes later, I'm in Manila. Banana trees. Cotton fields baking in the sun. Five thousand street vendors haggling in a dozen languages just within earshot.

6 CAP: It's a symphony. I smell the rain-swollen wood beneath every thatched roof. I feel the termites chewing through the walls of the museum. I'm back.

PAGE SIXTEEN

PANEL ONE

Jack, from his perch, scans the crowd, searching for a sign. Underneath him, in the square, is a kid no older than 15 who's got a huge bushel of bananas hefted on his shoulders.

1 CAP: This future tech is amazing. Normally I'd take at least a few hours to find someone, even in a city this big

PANEL TWO

Low angle shot of the kid with the bananas. He can't see that above and behind him, Jack has leapt from the wall and is coming straight at him.

2 CAP: But I don't even have to look. Manila let's me know immediately - he's like a piece of food stuck in my teeth.

PANEL THREE

Jack's foot makes contact with the kid's face, knocking half the teeth out of his head. The banana basket goes flying. There's clearly one of those futuristic bombs hidden inside.

3 CAP: I always loved playing dentist.

PANEL FOUR

The kid is sprawled out on the ground, knocked cold. Jack is checking out the bomb, which has a totally inscrutable holographic readout. There's exactly one wire visible, connecting two different points. He's wincing as he takes the wire, preparing to pull it.

4 CAP: 5,000 years of idiot-proof technology leaves us with one wire. This really better be as easy as it looks.

PANEL FIVE

Close up as the wire is pulled and the readout goes dead.

PANEL SIX

Jack regards the bomb, now disarmed in his hands.

5 CAP: 5,000 years. And I have twelve hours to rip it down.

PAGE SEVENTEEN

(the following four pages all have 4 panels each, and each are a single diorama suggesting all of the action that took place in that city.

PANEL ONE

New York. In the middle of Times Square, Jack descends from the air upon a bomber wearing a hoodie and carrying a low-slung backpack. They're in the middle of the street, bored pedestrians milling around. Nobody paying any attention - note: This takes place in the early 90s, so Times Square was still sort of a seedy cesspool. It might be fun to feature some pornoshop marquees in the background and display a seedier element of people. The bomber is looking up, the horrible shock of what's about to happen to him just registering on his face as Jack drops on him.

TITLE: NEW YORK - 02:04 GMT

1 CAP: New York. Home.

2 CAP: Even before I had my powers, I knew by heart its clockwork system of 90 degree angles. The grid plan emanating from America's puritan desire to control and homogenize where no homogenization is possible, in a city where there is total cacophony. Endless gradations of consciousness and awareness.

PANEL TWO

In Washington DC, in front of the Washington Monument, Jack is basically doing a Judo throw to one of the bombers. He hangs in the air, suspended in time, perfectly mirrored in the reflecting pool, seconds from splashing into it.

TITLE: WASHINGTON DC - 02:35 GMT

2 CAP: We can't sustain such awful symmetry

PANEL THREE

Mexico City. Inside some sort of bank or brokerage firm, desks are smashed to kindling and papers are scattered like confetti as Jack seizes a future-bomber and smashes him into the shatter-proof glass,

which spider-webs on impact. Out the window, the [Torre Latinoamericana](#) is visible a few blocks away.

TITLE: MEXCIO CITY - 02:54 GMT

3 CAP: It's mankind's unstoppable nature to re-write the streets to be a self-portrait of our personal struggles. Not some real-estate agent's fantasy from 1807.

PANEL FOUR

Jakarta, Indonesia. In front of the gorgeous [national museum](#) Jack disarms a bomb as the bomber is sinking helplessly into the earth, struggling without avail.

TITLE: JAKARTA - 03:30 GMT

4 CAP: Not some future monster's path to ascend the throne of a heartless world.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

PANEL ONE

In front of the exquisite [University of Mumbai](#) Jack hurls a bomber into its edifice, smashing part of it, and also the bomber. Horrified Indian students witness the partial destruction of one of their finest institutions.

TITLE: MUMBAI - 03:59 GMT

1 CAP: To change the city is to change civilization.

PANEL TWO

In Sao Paulo Brazil, Jack is slamming a bomber face-first into the sparkling waters of the fountain at the [Museu Paulista](#)

TITLE: SAO PAULO - 04:23 GMT

2 CAP: Change perspective.

PANEL THREE

Within view of the [Milad Tower](#) in Terhan, Jack finds himself in the middle of a clutch of women - all in burkhas, and all freaking the hell out, because he's yanking the head-dress off one of them, revealing a man underneath. The man (obviously a bomber) is carrying a bomb under his arm.

TITLE: TEHRAN - 04:43 GMT

3 CAP: Change identity.

PANEL FOUR

Jack is in front of the Parthenon in Athens Greece. He's engaged in hand-to-hand combat with one bomber, while another struggles in the

clutches of a gigantic fist, which has risen out of the ground, composed of white marble and busted-up Grecian columns.

TITLE: ATHENS - 05:57 GMT

4 CAP: We save the broken, old parts of ourselves as ruins.

PAGE NINETEEN

PANEL ONE

We're in the middle of [Red Square](#) in Moscow. This comic takes place a scant two years after the collapse of the USSR, so there's a real transition going on here, visible in the background, as anti-communist sentiment is expressed, most visibly, through graffiti that draws a red circle and line through the yellow sickle-and-hammer. Our bomber is lying in a puddle of his own teeth, his jaw obviously shattered. Jack is carefully disarming the bomb, which is attached to the wall with the graffiti.

TITLE: MOSCOW - 06:40 GMT

1 CAP: We keep them to say "I'm not going to make the same mistakes my father makes. I will fear the same things as the generation before me."

PANEL TWO

Out in Shanghai harbor, Jack is on a skiff, yanking a bomber in full frogman scuba gear out of the water. There's another man in the boat already, who's been skewered with a harpoon. The frogman, suspended in the air at the end of a rainbow of seawater, has the blinking bomb in his hands. Shanghai's incredibly distinct [skyline](#) is splashed out behind them.

TITLE: SHANGHAI - 07:57 GMT

2 CAP: This is civilization bringing order to its explosion. Civilization has never looked like this before.

PANEL THREE

In front of the [Cairo Citadel](#) Jack is whipping up a sandstorm to smother Egypt's bomber. This is sort of a cheat, because Cairo really isn't in the desert, but Jack has superpowers, so that's the official explanation. Also - Cairo has no pyramids either, but if you're itching to draw one, or a sphinx, I don't mind moving the action to Giza (which obviously is in the desert). Up to your tastes.

TITLE: CAIRO - 08:32 GMT

3 CAP: No shoring up our defenses. Not walling our cities in. But scattering outward like a sneeze

PANEL FOUR

Malibu. Jack fights a guy dressed as a firefighter in front of a gorgeous mansion as brushfires burn off in the distance. Jack is punching the dude in the head so hard his helmet is shattering. (Actually, as someone who was directly threatened by the fires, Scott, if you find this in bad taste I'm willing to change it. I'm on the fence about showing Jack deck a firefighter, even if the unmistakable implication is that he's a saboteur. I'll leave it to your good judgment, as are all things. Easy enough to think of something else for LA. I live there, after all.)

TITLE: MALIBU - 09:45 GMT

4 CAP: We can see cement buckle as the roots of trees push through the earth, but the cities presses back against the primordial forests much harder. Lichen may grow on stonework and the vines entangle the lamp posts but they will never find real purchase. We have lit too many beacons. We slowly burn it away.

PAGE TWENTY

PANEL ONE

Torrential rain beats down on the obelisk on [Nueve Julio Avenue](#) as Jack is swarmed with bombers. He's being swamped in a crowd of five of them. The bomb, prominently placed on the face of the monument, blinks in through the storm.

TITLE: BUENOS ARIES - 10:50 GMT

1 CAP: We illuminate the dark corners of our world, fleeing nature's cruel laws. Escaping her ruthless policemen. Laying low when her rough hand passes over.

PANEL TWO

Down the crowded streets of Hong Kong, Jack rushes after a bomber in a jangled foot-chase. The bomber has infiltrated the Triad gang, and three of his gangland brothers chase after Jack, taking potshots at him with their .45s. Probably want to show [The National Bank of Hong Kong building](#) rising in the background, since it's the one landmark ignorant Americans can remember from John Woo movies.

TITLE: HONG KONG - 11:35 GMT

2 CAP: Every man is a fugitive. A nation of outlaws seeking safety in numbers.

PANEL THREE

Jack is hurling a bomber off of the domed spire of the [Victoria Memorial](#) in Kolkata (which, I just learned, is the new PC way to spell "Calcutta")

TITLE: KOLKATA - 12:15 GMT

3 CAP: In Kolkata, from two blocks away I hear a street corner prophet assuring bored commuters that Jesus Christ had them in his heart when he died on the cross. You were in his heart. And you. All of us. Everyone.

PANEL FOUR

A guardrail is giving way beneath Jack and a bomber on one of the observation decks of the [Tokyo Tower](#). Jack and the bomber plunge into open space, Jack grabbing madly for the cartwheeling bomb with metropolitan Tokyo spread out below.

TITLE: TOKYO - 13:02 GMT

4 CAP: God's heart is a city.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

PANEL ONE

Still in Tokyo - Jack reaches for the bomb in mid-air. It's just outside of the reach of his fingertips.

PANEL TWO

Close on the LCD readout of the bomb. It's not written in Arabic numerals, or anything in English, but because we're up-close on it, we know something is about to happen.

PANEL THREE

Something does. The bomb goes off in mid-air. The explosion is very large. We can't see Jack at all.

1 SFX: BOOOM!

PANEL FOUR

A block or two away, Jack impacts the street on a smoke contrail, his pants burning. He shatters the concrete.

2 SFX: CRUNCH!

PANEL FIVE

Jack hauling himself out of the smoking crater. In keeping with one of the themes of this book, this jacket and pants are singed. It's clear the weight of what he's just done has finally hit him. His shoulders are slumped, he's been run ragged, and he's at the end of his endurance. From off-panel, we get a little bit of dialogue from his final adversary, the God of Cities - abbreviated from now on as GOC. We need some sort of cool special word balloon for him - something to show how incredibly alien and powerful he is. I imagine his voice sounds

something like concrete scraping against steel, or the sound girders make before they warp and collapse.

3 JACK: Oooh God. God I can't believe I did it.

4 JACK: Guuuuh. Jesus. I actually did it.

5 GOC (SPECIAL BALLOON): Here we are in the most populous city of this time period.

6 GOC (SPECIAL BALLOON): Fancy seeing you here, Jack.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

SPLASH

And here's the money shot. It's Plo'Raaach himself. "He-Who-Has-No-Horizon" in the flesh. Or... whatever constitutes "flesh" for the living embodiment of a futuristic supercity. He's so dense and massive that the ground literally buckles under his feet – the cement cracking and spiderwebbing underneath him. People flee in terror. The buildings around him are already subtly twisting around his aura, creating almost the effect of a ghastly proscenium to frame him. Jack is struggling to his feet before him – the supplication image is obvious.

1 GOC: Now lets talk about what you just did.

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